

184 [THE SOUL OF MAN.] *NOSCE*
TEIPSUM ! [^p

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
The Soul Sucks from the sea, to fill her
empty veins ; compared From out her womb
at last doth take a birth, a j ^ y ^ ^ [a l o n g the
grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land,
From whose soft side, she first did issue
make 1 She tastes all places ! turns to
every hand ! Her flow'ry banks
unwilling to forsake :

Yet Nature, so her streams doth lead
and carry, As that her course doth
make no final stay Till she, herself
unto the Ocean marry ; Within
whose watry bosom first she lay !

Even so the Soul, which in this earthy
mould, The Spirit of GOD doth
secretly infuse ; Because, at first,
She doth the earth behold, And
only this material world She views !

At first, our Mother Earth, She holdeth dear !
And doth embrace the World, and worldly
things ! She flies close by the ground, and
hovers here ! And mounts not up with her
celestial wings !

Yet, under heaven, She cannot light on
ought, That with her heavenly nature
doth agree 1 She cannot rest ! She
cannot fix her thought ! She cannot in
this world contented be !

For who did ever yet in Honour, Wealth,
Or Pleasure of the Sense, contentment
find ? Who ever ceased to *wish*, when
he had Health ? Or having Wisdom, was
not *vext in mind* ?

Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre
fresh and gay ; She lights on that ! and
this ! and tasteth all ; But pleased with
none, doth rise and soar away !